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THE reelection of Mr. Wilson even by such a narrow margin is one of the most extraordinary achievements in the political annals of the United States. In 1912 his huge majority in the electoral college was earned for him by an actual minority of the vote. His supporters amounted to only about forty per cent of the American electorate. His four years of office have been among the most troubled in the country's history. He has had to deal with a number of novel and critical problems, which, no matter how he handled them, obliged him to alienate certain of his former supporters. Many thousands of Democrats among the professional and business men of the country withdrew their allegiance because of the infirmities of his foreign policy. Many thousands of the Irish and German-Americans became his bitter and unscrupulous enemies because of his benevolent neutrality towards the Allies. One can only guess how much the default has amounted to, but taking all the people with grievances together it could hardly have been less than 500,000 votes. In order to win reelection he was obliged to convert into Democrats between 1,000,000 and 1,500,000

new voters; and the job was the more difficult because he could not count upon the assistance of an expansive personality which the ordinary American voter would understand and like. Yet he succeeded somehow in getting the necessary support. His gains were chiefly among the farmers and women voters in those parts of the country where Mr. Roosevelt's popularity had formerly been most emphatic. Without the women voters, for the increase of whom he has done so little, Mr. Wilson might well have failed of election.

ONE outstanding fact about the election is the novel and significant distribution of the strength of the two major political parties. Mr. Hughes carried the East and the Middle West, Mr. Wilson the South and the Far West. In the case of every important industrial community except Ohio Mr. Hughes was victorious, although by widely different margins. Broadly speaking the line-up was between town and country, between industry and agriculture. The Democrats had expected to obtain a large measure of support from the wage-earners in the big industries of the country. It looks now as if they had received less than usual. The Republicans were apparently successful during the last two weeks of the campaign in holding a sufficient proportion of the votes of the laborers in the protected manufactures. But they lost much of their grip on the agrarian communities of the Mississippi Valley and the mountain states. The Democrats were saved from a severe defeat only by their success in making inroads on the normal support received by the Republicans from the farmers in the newer parts of the country. More than any election which has taken place since the Civil War, the old American territorial democracy, the democracy of Jackson and Douglas, has reasserted itself. Mr. Wilson has done what Mr. Bryan failed to do. He has recovered for the Democratic party the support of a great majority of the predominantly agricultural states. This support has not the same economic meaning as it had

during the pioneer period, when the farmers in the newer parts of the country were in debt and thought themselves oppressed by the money power. The Far West is not aggrieved and rebellious as it was at the time of the "greenback" and "Populist" movements. But it still has a mind of its own, sharply defined from that of the rest of the country. In a combination with the solid South and with one or two other industrial states of the Middle West it is strong enough barely to swing a national victory.

FEW people believed Mr. Vance McCormick when he predicted that President Wilson would be reëlected by a hundred and fifty electoral votes, or Mr. William R. Willcox when he credited Mr. Hughes with a similar majority. It is surprising, however, that two great straw ballots, totaling more than a million votes, gave little indication of the election-day drift. In the two pivotal states, New York and Illinois, eight hundred and fifty thousand votes polled by the Rexall Drug Stores showed the two candidates running on practically even terms. The New York *Herald*, with a quarter of a million votes, indicated the same closeness, with Mr. Wilson actually leading in Illinois. As a matter of fact, Mr. Wilson lost each state by at least a hundred thousand votes. He also lost Michigan and Wisconsin, which a large *Herald* poll had allotted him, and carried Kansas, for which he apparently had no chance whatever. Individual "expert" predictions were even wilder. "Hell Devil" Skillman, noted Princeton prophet, refused to commit himself, but Mr. George Harvey estimated the Hughes majority as anywhere from 145 votes up. It appears that the best election prophesying was done by Mr. David Lawrence, of the New York *Evening Post*, whose estimate was that Mr. Wilson could lose New York, Illinois, New Jersey, Wisconsin and all of New England, and still win by a small majority.

THE article by Mr. Pasvolsky on the economic and political situation in Russia, published elsewhere in this issue, calls attention once again to very significant differences in the attitude of the several parties in Russia towards the treaty of peace. In that country the liberals are intensely anti-German and insist upon fighting until Constantinople is secured and Russia dominant in the Balkans and Asia Minor. The conservatives, on the other hand, prefer an early and a moderate peace and are looking forward to a restoration of close economic and political relations between the two empires. In Germany also it is the conservatives who crave an understanding with Russia, while the more liberal parties wish to conciliate

the western Powers and to secure any possible war profits at Russian expense. If this line-up persists in both countries the outlook for a solution favorable to liberalism in both countries is discouraging. The probable triumph of the Russian liberals means the defeat of their German analogues and the adoption by Germany of a policy of waging an aggressive marine war against Great Britain. The ability of the more liberal German faction to remain in power will depend on the success of the German armies in keeping open communications with Constantinople. An outsider will naturally approach a complicated situation of this kind with the utmost diffidence; but one remark may be permitted. The Russian and German liberal parties are cutting each others' throats, because both cherish illiberal purposes. In both countries the liberals are liberal only by comparison with conservatives. They are associating themselves with plans of nationalist aggression at the expense of other countries; and their success, while it may keep them temporarily in power, will in the long run prove an obstacle to the future of liberalism both in their own and other countries.

THE Overseas News Agency by wireless to Sayville announces that Germany and Austria-Hungary have "reëstablished the right of the Polish nation to control its own destinies, to live an independent national life . . ." But the actual manifesto issued at Warsaw and Lublin shows that nothing has been reëstablished. It appears that Poland is to have an army, but that the "organization, instruction and command of this army shall be arranged by common agreement" presumably with Berlin and Vienna. This is not a happy beginning. But the omissions are even more important. It appears that Prussian Poland is to remain Prussian and Austrian Galicia is to remain Austrian. So that the crime of the great partition is not to be undone. What the manifesto really says is: Conquered Russian Poland is to be a dependent state with some local autonomy under a German or Austrian prince; its army is to be part of the German army; its national territory is not to be restored; its economic life is to be subordinated to Germany and Austria. The German purpose is only too obvious, to delude some Poles into helping Germany now, to organize a military and economic asset for the future, to play for neutral sympathy.

BUT so far as independence goes, there is none of it in the plan for Poland. Real independence, to mean anything, must mean a union of territory, a Polish army capable of allying itself either East or West, an outlet to the sea for its

economic life. How this is to be attained it is hard to see, and whether it would be entirely desirable is not altogether clear. Within Poland are the doubly subject nationalities of the Ruthenians and Jews, who have little to expect and much to fear from complete Polish independence. A sovereign state in that part of Europe without free access to the sea would probably prove a dangerous source of irritation. A Poland economically part of Middle Europe would be a serious obstacle to Russian development. Moreover, the Polish nationality has no genuine strategic boundaries. Fortunately this play of the Germans is a war measure, and not a final settlement. When peace comes it may well turn out that a true settlement of the Polish question cannot be reached except by the creation of a neutral state with a free port on the Baltic and with some kind of proportional representation for Poles, Ruthenians and Jews, the whole creation backed by the guaranty of a League of Peace. The German manifesto merely recalls how intricate is the problem of Poland.

GOVERNOR WHITMAN'S reelection gives special point to the report that has just been sent to him by Commissioner Strong relating to the State Board of Charities. The report provides the Governor with every rational incentive for a radical revision of the State Board. Partisans of the private charitable institutions will look to the report more for its strictures than for its program, and they will eke comfort out of Commissioner Strong's conclusion that the 24 criticized institutions, both Catholic and Protestant, were not "unfit for human habitation." The Commissioner only goes so far as to endorse the accusation that their tolerance by the State Board was "little less than public scandal and disgrace." Because he deems the State Board culpable, and lacking in power and vision, Mr. Strong recommends a reorganization by which the unpaid board of twelve will be converted into a board of nine, of which the president, the chairman of the bureau for mental deficiency and the chairman of the bureau for dependent children, shall be salaried. This is only one of Mr. Strong's many wisely organic recommendations. By following out this admirable report Governor Whitman can go far to remedy a situation that is here defined as intolerable.

BECAUSE the power to disbelieve is at its maximum value during political campaigns it is also at its minimum strength. The easiest time to discover whether one has any such power left, and to blow on the embers, is after the campaign is over. Experiments may easily be made in one's own library. Anatole France's "Putois" de-

scribes a state of mind which many of us can recognize as our own in the past few weeks. Bertrand Russell, near the beginning of his "Problems of Philosophy," succeeds in making an ordinary table an occasion for the disturbance of comfortable belief. Among contemporary authors the late Henri Poincaré is about the most subversive. To read his account of the difficulty of finding out what time it is, and to contrast this with one's own facility in believing all sorts of nearly unknowable things, is an amusing and wholesome exercise. Now, when many of us are regretting our recent inability to disbelieve, is a damnable moment for pursuing studies such as these.

SHALL a lawn tennis player who manufactures or sells athletic goods be rated as amateur or as professional? Next month the officials of the United States Lawn Tennis Association will try to agree upon an answer to this question, which looks easier than it is. At one end of the scale is Class A, composed of men who inherited places in sporting goods houses, and who would have manufactured rackets and tennis balls even if they had never played a set. At the other end is Class X, composed of men who would certainly not have gone into the sporting goods business if they had not become famous as players. Class X, as just defined, probably does not exist, but relax the definition ever so little and several famous names are at once included. Opinions on the problem are many. One opinion, although preferring to treat Class A as amateurs, would rather treat them as professionals than have Class X continue to take part in amateur tournaments. If an attempt is made to draw a line somewhere between these two classes questions of motives are certain to be raised. Is so-and-so trying to make money out of his reputation? Add the old difficulty, that the more strictly you define "amateur" the more you unavoidably favor players who do not have to work for a living, and the task ahead of the lawn tennis authorities appears almost impossible.

WITH the celebration of the fête at Le Platin in France the other day the Virgin Mary becomes the patron saint of aviators. To the ceremony of blessing the sea long observed in Brittany is now added the blessing of the air. Believing the one was as much under her jurisdiction as the other the French clergy founded about ten years ago in the commune of Saint Palais near Royan the Chapel of Our Lady of Le Platin, which since the outbreak of the war has been much frequented by aviators and their relatives and friends. At the recent ceremony flags of the Allies were displayed on the belfry, masses were said for the

repose of the souls of dead aviators, and an image of the Virgin presented by the mother of a well known air-man was carried in procession. Then the praise invoking Mary as "Star of the Sea and Air" pronounced for the first time the blessing on both elements. This was followed by an address which concluded with the recitation of some verses to the Virgin of Le Platin, written by a soldier in the trenches. That it will have the popular appeal of the Breton *Pardons* seems doubtful, for the gap between aviators and Breton fisher-folk must be considerable. One can hardly look there for scenes parallel to those described by Loti at the day of Notre Dame de Bonne-Nouvelle. The crowd represented all shades of opinion, and, the reports have it, was wholly sympathetic, thus affording one more sign of the unanimity of France. A discreet comment—not a word about it as a sign of the way the winds of doctrine may be blowing.

The Election

AS this issue goes to press it looks as if President Wilson had been reëlected by tying most of the West to the solid South and adding Ohio. It appears that the electoral vote is very close, and that the pluralities in the doubtful states are small. So narrow is the margin at this writing that a few hundred votes in one or two small states might change the whole result. And yet, though the final outcome is still doubtful, the main sectional outlines of the vote are clear. Mr. Wilson has won the West which Mr. Bryan failed to win, the West which made an idol of Mr. Roosevelt. He has won Ohio where the Democracy has since the days of Tom Johnson been a fairly genuine progressive party. Mr. Hughes seems to have won most of the big industrial states east of the Mississippi. The surprise of the election is Mr. Wilson's strength in the West.

If we say roughly then that the East rejected and the West accepted the President, is it fair to assume that this represents the division of national opinion on the success of Mr. Wilson's domestic and foreign policies? We think not. The West did not go for Wilson because it was convinced of the soundness of a neutrality benevolent to the Allies, or because it found his method of interference in Mexico essentially wise. But the West did like the purpose and temper of Mr. Wilson's foreign policies. It liked his patience, it shared his desire to make sacrifices for peace, it approved the anti-imperialist basis of his attitude towards Mexico. The West surely, and large minorities elsewhere stood by the President because of the net results of

his administration—peace at the moment, prosperity, a general sense of goodwill to the rest of the world and of some fellowship for the humble within the nation. These assets were underwritten by the kind of campaign which Mr. Hughes conducted. He allowed himself to become the candidate of what the West regarded as a party of domestic reactionaries and of jingoes in foreign affairs. Mr. Hughes seemed strangely content to play the rôle allotted to him by the Democrats, and the Republicans went before the western electorate as a tory war party. The West seems to have rejected them, preferring the general results of Democratic rule.

Only in this sense can President Wilson, if he has been reëlected, regard the vote as an approval of his contentious policies. By a narrow margin he has won a vote of confidence in his general purpose, domestic and foreign, but no one who is candid about the electoral aid of the solid South can pretend that the reëlection is a nation-wide examination and affirmation of his policies. On the other hand there is no reason for supposing that the vote in the Hughes states represents disapproval. Some of them are invincibly Republican. In none of them did Mr. Hughes explicitly challenge Mr. Wilson's foreign policy. The grand finale of the Republican campaign was a sordid but very effective appeal to panic on behalf of an old-fashioned tariff. The only clear evidence of a repudiation of Mr. Wilson on grounds of foreign policy is in certain strong German-American and Irish-American communities of Milwaukee, Illinois, New York, where hyphenism played a distinct part. Moreover, when a man like Governor Whitman can run away ahead of Mr. Hughes in New York, when Governor McCall and Senator Lodge outstrip him in Massachusetts, when President Wilson leads his party everywhere, there is no sign that the foreign policy which is so identified with him, has been repudiated decisively even in the East. No one can assert that Mr. Wilson's defeat in Illinois, Pennsylvania, New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, Massachusetts is due to widespread disapproval of the general aims of his foreign policy.

If Mr. Wilson is elected, the mandate from the country seems to be: "Go on towards the goal you have been seeking and continue to maintain peace, prosperity and a decent amount of honor." As Mr. Wilson contemplates the vague vote of confidence he has received, his mind must feel the burden which the future bears. Mr. Wilson knows that neither in foreign nor domestic affairs can he stand pat. He knows that it may not always be possible to realize his purposes in Mexico and Europe with the same minimum of sacrifice. He knows that the Mexican question is still explosive,

that our neutrality in the European war may be broken as a result of political changes in Germany. He must know that good as his constructive legislation has been, it is a mere scratch on the surface, and that any complacent overestimate of it would be a mistake. Above all he will have to make his party realize that its success in the years ahead depends more than anything else upon a drastic improvement in the quality and personnel of administration.

We advocated President Wilson's reelection, and we are genuinely glad if it has been achieved. It is a victory for progressivism, but it was won only by the aid of the solid South and against the opposition of many of the best men and the best groups in the progressive movement. Mr. Wilson has still to win their personal confidence, and one of his tasks in the next four years is to capture those progressives who are suffering to-day in what is after all a misalliance. He must win their confidence, but they must help him. They cannot sulk and say that the nation is outraged and ruined and detonate rhetoric in impotent rage. The business of the progressives now is to forget their prejudices, forget the vendetta, and set out to cooperate with the President in his enormously difficult task.

International Security

ALTHOUGH possible terms of peace are being busily specified and discussed in the British and German press, all of the belligerents continue to be the victims of a common blindness which condemns the discussion to futility. They all claim to be fighting an essentially defensive war; they all propose annexations of territory supposed to be necessary to their own future safety; but none of them apparently considers how far their proposals to provide security for themselves deny security to their enemies. All of them, that is, are still thinking in terms of an exclusive and jealous national sovereignty, which forbids them to treat others as they would like to be treated themselves. None of them has learned the manifest and ultimate lesson of the war—the lesson that just as individual security is inseparable from social security so national security is inseparable from international security.

This myopia is shared by everyone except an infinitesimally small minority in all the belligerent countries. One would expect the Leo Maxses of England to be utterly divided from the von Tirpitzes of Germany, but a gulf almost equally impassable separates such comparatively moderate Englishmen as Viscount Grey from such compara-

tively moderate Germans as von Bethmann-Hollweg. The British Foreign Secretary, in a recent speech whose specific subject was international organization, warned Americans who might be interested in seeking a substantial foundation for international order, to keep off the premises throughout the duration of the war and the negotiations for peace. The Allies could not afford to consider international values until after they had emasculated Germany. Neither is the German Chancellor more reassuring. The treaty of peace which the more moderate party in Germany is known to favor, provides for a withdrawal from France and Belgium, but it also provides for the control by Germany of the route to Constantinople, and the addition to the military resources which the Central Powers possessed at the beginning of the war, of Turkey, Bulgaria, and part of Serbia. To an Englishman or Frenchman the Chancellor's terms would look merely like a confirmation and an aggravation of the German menace, to escape which they are fighting at such a terrible cost. Yet they are impatient of any suggested method of escape except that of cutting off Germans and Austrians and Hungarians from effective influence on the political and economic future of the Balkans and beyond. Turkey and the Slavic parts of Austria-Hungary are to be shared among the Allies, and the Germans and Hungarians are to be separated from the Black and the Mediterranean Seas by an impregnable military and political barrier.

As long as the moderates of the major belligerent countries propose such terms as these, they no less than their more extreme fellow-countrymen are helping to bring about two ruinous results. They are consenting to the kind of war which must be fought to a bitter and an indefinitely remote end, irrespective of the appalling sacrifices which will have to be made of treasure, human suffering and life, and accumulated social credit. They are equally laying the foundation for a treaty of peace which would merely perpetuate and redistribute in a more intensified form the anarchy and the insecurity in which the war itself originated. If the war is to be fought until one or both parties are exhausted or vanquished, and if the treaty of peace is to ignore the need of common security and provide only for the security of the victors, the international Jacobins, like the Leo Maxses and von Tirpitzes, rather than the Greys and the von Bethmann-Hollwegs, are showing superior penetration into the disastrous meaning of the struggle. In so far as the security of Germany or France depends in the future upon the emasculation of their enemies, it is assuredly the duty of the French and the German governments in the event of victory to protect their own people by making the emascu-

lation complete and irretrievable. This would mean in the case of Germany the retention of Belgium and the French iron district; in the case of the Allies the seizure of the German fleet, the breaking down of her national organization, the curtailment of her future armament, the wholesale annexation of territory and the guaranteeing of these results by the indefinite military occupation of large parts of the country.

We are aware how deeply Englishmen and Frenchmen resent the classification of their own nations with Germany. Germany, they say, is plainly the aggressor in the present war and German military power and political ambitions have constituted the active menace to the peace of the world and the safety of other nations. But admitting a measure of truth in these claims, as we are willing to do, there is a crushing retort to the proposed policy of making German aggressive intentions the excuse for promoting French and British safety by isolating and bottling up the German nation. In any contest for power, a result always counts for very much more than an intention. Even if France and Great Britain were drawn into the war for defensive reasons, they are coöperating with other nations, such as Russia, Italy and Rumania, who are frankly fighting to make certain territorial gains at the expense of the Central Powers and Turkey. The net consequences of their coöperation will be precisely the same as if they had all actually conspired to despoil Turkey and Austria-Hungary and to reduce Germany to comparative political impotence. It is this implacable result which will sink into the hearts of the German people, which will confirm all that they have been told about the unscrupulous cupidity of their enemies, which will paralyze the future movement of German liberalism and which will justify the German nation in the resolution to recover by means of patient and sleepless cunning what they may have yielded to an overwhelming preponderance of numbers and force.

Assuming that Germany will be mutilated but not broken by the treaty of peace, the government could undertake the work of rehabilitation with as good a chance of ultimate success as France had in 1872. There would still be 85,000,000 of Germans and Hungarians so situated in the center of Europe as to be vulnerable to a combination of surrounding enemies, but because of their central position, powerful for military purposes beyond their numbers. They would have on their eastern frontier the huge threatening mass of the Russian Empire, increased by the smaller Slavic states and economically invigorated by the possession of Constantinople. The Germans could not hope to attack Russia with any chance of success, both be-

cause of Russia's enormous increase of power as the result of the war, and because such an attack would certainly be resisted by France and Great Britain. But they could plan to detach Russia from the Alliance and to secure her connivance in an ultimate attack on France and Great Britain. In so far as Russia could be bought off, German safety would be at least for the time being assured and German energy would be released for industrial, commercial and naval expansion. Moreover, the Germans could offer Russia strong inducements to consider such a bargain. They could tempt her with a treaty guaranteeing her in the possession of all the fruits of the war, a more favorable market for the sale of her wheat, livestock and raw materials, and a benevolent attitude towards the projects of future annexation which would inevitably be cherished as the result of such a successful career of conquest. A realignment of this kind, if it could be brought about, would constitute the gravest menace to domestic liberalism and international peace conceivable in the modern world. The mere dread of it would rob the western Powers of the sense of security which they propose to derive from the partial emasculation of Germany, and even if Russia remained faithful to the present alliance, she could always force France and Great Britain to agree to her aggressive projects by playing upon their apprehensions of the consequences of a Russo-German understanding.

The lesson is plain. If France and Great Britain consent to the partial or the complete emasculation of Germany and the corresponding aggrandizement of Russia, they are making themselves dangerously dependent on Russian forbearance. They cannot afford to weaken Germany unless they are prepared to trust their own future security and that of Continental Europe to Russian good will. As a consequence of weakening Germany they would be making Russia more necessary to them and themselves less necessary to Russia. If they are honestly seeking security for the future rather than national aggrandizement, they will have to obtain it by the adoption of a very different method. Entire security is for the present an unattainable result, but even the partial security which is attainable cannot be enjoyed by a few without being enjoyed by all. It can be achieved only by an international organization, capable of concentrating a decisive array of economic and naval force behind the rules which guarantee public safety. If the Allies wish to soothe the not unnatural apprehensions of the German people and prevent the treaty of peace, like all past treaties of peace, from becoming the instigator of future wars, they must build their own security not on an increase of their military strength compared to that of Germany,

but upon the attempt to bring the neutral world into the balance against Germany—in case Germany repeats her offense. This they can best do by incorporating the principles underlying the League to Enforce Peace in the proposed settlement of the war. The ignoring of these principles in the treaty of peace will result in the alienation of the neutrals, in the embitterment of the Central Powers, and the attaching of a fatal suspicion to any subsequent effort to form the needed international organization. A league to enforce such a peace would be an association for the underwriting of an unsound security, for the distribution of a poor risk among innocent outsiders. The United States is willing to join a European peace association provided the security is good; but it will hardly consent to buying an interest in the most dangerous international feud in the history of the world.

The Hours of Work and the Efficiency of Labor

ON Saturday, October 28th, the attorney of the Lackawanna Steel Company appeared before the New York State Industrial Commission to plead for exemption from the state law requiring all employers to allow each of their employees twenty-four hours of consecutive rest in every calendar week. He contended that the steel industry is necessarily continuous, that labor was scarce, that the competitors of the Lackawanna in other states were not hampered by similar legislative restriction, and that the financial condition of the company made obedience to the law impracticable. The application was opposed by representatives of organized labor, the Consumers' League, associations of ministers and social workers, and citizens of Buffalo, where the application was made. The most comprehensive argument in opposition was made by Mr. John A. Fitch, the representative of the American Association of Labor Legislation, who showed from the experience of a number of the greatest steel companies in the country that the allowance of one day of rest in seven is entirely practicable, that the Lackawanna Company itself had added approximately one thousand men to its force since August, that the United States Steel and the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company were operating on a six-day week, and that the Lackawanna had not only earned 15 per cent during the first six months of 1916, but that it was "currently stated in financial circles that the company now, in the second six months of the year, is earning at the rate of more than 30 per cent on its stock."

These and other arguments presented at the

hearing by opponents of the Lackawanna Company's application should prove decisive with the State Industrial Commission. But there is another consideration, hardly touched upon at the hearing, which in our judgment outweighs all the rest. One of the great lessons of the European war is that a national view of labor and labor administration is essential to national security. If questions such as this raised by the Lackawanna Company are to be decided by state commissions with primary regard for the momentary advantage of individual companies or upon grounds of local expediency, the interests of the nation will be put in jeopardy and we shall find ourselves thoroughly unprepared to meet such a crisis as would be created by war or, indeed, such as will inevitably be created by the international economic competition that will follow the present war in Europe. For this reason the New York Industrial Commission and all citizens who are seriously concerned with the future economic security of America should study the reports which are being issued by the Health and Munition Workers' Committee of the English Ministry of Munitions.

Before the war England was our great exemplar in the matter of our individualistic attitude toward labor and labor administration. It was a common practice with English, as with American, employers to treat labor as a commodity, to use men up and then cast them on the social scrap heap, to use up men, women and children and then replace them from the twilight hosts of the unemployed. Unlike Germany, England kept no account to show the national cost of this system of labor exploitation and waste. With the war, England's army of unemployed disappeared; she was put to it to find men not only for the military, but also for her industrial service. Possibly her greatest element of weakness was her multitude of men who had been rendered unfit for either service by her long indifference to the problem of unemployment and her long toleration of her individualistic system of using men up and casting their wrecked bodies out upon the public junk heap. It was this, more than anything else, that delayed Kitchener's work and ultimately made it necessary for England to create the Ministry of Munitions with comprehensive powers to nationalize the control of industry, labor and labor administration. It was Mr. Lloyd George, who as Minister of Munitions, created the Health of Munition Workers' Committee for the purpose of ascertaining the conditions under which labor could be helped to reach its maximum output, and the findings of this Committee have a special relevancy to the application of the Lackawanna Steel Company, because they deal specifically with the questions of the relation to maximum output

of the eight and twelve-hour shifts, and of one day's rest in seven. For the Lackawanna Company confessed that it was not only working its men seven days a week, in violation of the law, but that it was working them twelve hours during each of the seven days.

Although the Health of Munitions Workers' Committee do not give final expression to their conclusion, they repeatedly indicate their opinion that for purposes of sustained maximum output, the most effective time schedule is the eight-hour shift. In discussing weekly totals of 70 to 80 hours, they say: "The Committee are satisfied that hours such as these cannot be worked with impunity, and they most strongly urge that every effort should be made . . . to extend the shift system . . . as rapidly as possible." Their objections to the longer day are that, when continued, it produces exhaustion, which in turn either produces sickness or compels the men to slow up and rest during work hours. One of the most interesting findings of the Committee is that "slacking" is nature's invention to protect men from the destructive effects of excessive hours. They quote "the experienced manager of a large shell factory who is 'satisfied that there is a period of slacking, *often quite unconscious*, during a 12-hour shift which is detrimental to output.'" An illustration to which the Committee attaches great significance is this:

In a specific instance, a group of five male voluntary Sunday workers in a certain munitions factory were able in 8 hours (or 7 hours free of meals) to exceed the average day's output of eight week-day men, who work 14 hours (or 12½ hours free of meals). These five men worked, no doubt, at a *sprint*, which could not perhaps have been maintained daily. But there can be little doubt that they could repeat their 8 hours' effort on, say, four days in a week; and, if so, the startling result follows that they could do in those four days rather more than the whole week's work of an equal set of men adopting the other system of hours. . . . Would these five volunteers be *slackers* if they did a full week's work judged by the 14-hour standard, or more, but had three holidays a week (available perhaps for a change of work) and slept longer at night?"

It is upon a mass of such evidence that the Committee base their opinion that, for the sole purpose of maximum output and disregarding all ordinary ethical considerations, the eight-hour shift is the time schedule best calculated to safeguard England's industrial security now and hereafter.

By a similar process of induction, and guided by similarly exclusive considerations of England's best national interest, the Committee was led "strongly to hold that if the maximum output is to be secured and maintained for any length of time,

a weekly period of rest must be allowed . . . the discontinuance of Sunday labor should be of universal application and should extend to all classes of workers." They confine their exceptions to this rule to emergencies—repairs, tending furnaces and the like—and where for such emergent reasons men are employed on Sunday, they find that maximum output demands that men so employed should be given a corresponding period of rest during some other part of the week.

We are living at a time when all parties are appealing to all citizens to purify their American allegiance—are appealing to labor especially to put national ideals above considerations of individual or class interest. Is it conceivable that in making this appeal we shall remain indifferent to the industrial crisis that confronted England at the outbreak of the war because of her age-long failure to regard the problems of labor and labor administration from a national instead of from a narrowly individualistic and provincial point of view? Unless the Lackawanna Steel Company is actuated by purely selfish motives and is indifferent to all considerations of national interest, they should withdraw their application for exemption from the law requiring them to give their employees one day of rest in seven, and they should immediately consider the national importance of substituting the eight-hour for the twelve-hour shift. If this is too much to expect from a company doing a war business in steel, surely a state industrial commission should not be tempted by considerations of local and temporary expediency to abrogate a law that is a first step toward national industrial preparedness. In the interest of our national economic health and security, the New York State Industrial Commission should deny the ill advised application of the Lackawanna Steel Company.

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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What Remains of Child Labor

THE scattered attacks that for more than a decade have been made against the exploitation of children are gathering in one concerted drive and the beginning of the real battle is in sight. The territory of childhood is the prize. Shall it be occupied by freedom and health and intelligence as the culture bed of a real civilization, or shall ignorance and a short-sighted industrialism hold it in the interest of social penury?

Recent events testify to a new alignment. Ten years ago business interests with wealth and power were protesting against any restriction on the labor of their small employees. Their plea was always in the interest of the children! The perils of idleness, the absence of schools, the poverty of the home, these were the dismal, dominant notes in their persuasive appeal. The agents of organized relief zealously engaged in hunting jobs for the children to solve the riddle of the family budget, and like Saul of old truly thought they were doing God's service. Public-school teachers—official agents of a "democratic" educational system—gaily clipped off the backward, unpromising twigs in the interest, of course, of educational efficiency, and sent the failures to the limbo of unskilled labor. Everybody was satisfied with the combination. The cry of hunger was stilled. The supply of cheap labor was fed. The class-room was pruned of dolts and laggards. The children were stunned into the contentment of industrial inefficiency.

But the awakening has come. We are demonstrating that child labor does not solve the problem of poverty, but rather complicates it. Our school men are learning that the school must digest the laggard, not eliminate him. Juvenile-court records show with uniformity that the jail and house of correction are recruited from unskilled and neglected childhood. Business is discovering that child labor does not pay—that the most wasteful and extravagant kind of labor is the inefficient hand guided by the untrained mind.

Child labor is a national outlaw. Congress has said so by a decisive vote. In fixing his signature which made this act a law the President said: "I want to say that with real emotion I sign this bill because I know how long the struggle has been to secure legislation of this sort and what it is going to mean to the health and to the vigor of this country, and also to the happiness of those whom it affects. It is with genuine pride that I play my part in completing this legislation. I congratulate the country and felicitate myself."

What then remains? Is not the task achieved? Is not the yoke of industrial bondage lifted? Have not the children been set free? No. Our work has been a failure if American intelligence thinks it finished. It has only begun. What has been accomplished is rudimentary. Here is the beginning of the chapter—not the end. How does it read?

First: A written law is a prescription, not a recovery. Congress has not abolished child labor but only made it possible for you to do so. Responsibility is laid on you, on every citizen, to see that this law is enforced in your community. It is a duty you cannot delegate. The public-spirited man of business who has been annoyed by the guerilla warfare of his unscrupulous competitor may now defend himself. The citizen who has found local administration of the child-labor law bound by graft and politics may now bring his complaint before the United States Department of Labor. The discouraged factory inspector whose faithful attempts to prosecute have been paralyzed by petty courts dominated by powerful local interests will now lay his case before a Federal Grand Jury. These are your weapons.

Second: Assuming that this law is effectively enforced, how far does it reach? Only 150,000 children will be affected. The other 1,850,000 children are left untouched. No federal law can reach them. They are the wards of the several states: the young hawkers of news and chewing-gum on our city streets; the truck-garden conscripts of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Colorado and Maryland; the sweating cotton-pickers of Mississippi, Oklahoma and Texas; the 90,000 domestic servants under 16 years of age in our American homes; the cash-girls in our department stores.

Only one state has thus far passed an adequate law to regulate street trades. The delusion that every small street peddler is supporting a widowed mother dies hard. Street trading in our large cities is the primary department in the school of vice. That school must be closed. The place to begin is in your city.

From the sugar-beet fields of Colorado, from the berry fields of New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware, from the onion beds of Ohio, from the tobacco fields of Kentucky and from the hot cotton fields of Oklahoma and Texas, the cry of the children ought to make itself heard. But they are mute. They have not tasted liberty. Without complaint they step into the ranks of the 5,000,000 illiterates to grope blindly through a land of plenty.

Third: Illiteracy must be stamped out. We hail the school as democratic. Then it must reach the people. The investment of the taxpayer is misapplied, the security of the country is imperilled, so long as children are denied the opportunity of education. The public school is public, and it must reach the public. Here is nation-wide responsibility. There are no sectional lines. The 460,020 illiterates in New York and 389,775 in Georgia are all witnesses to our industrial selfishness. They are our hewers of wood and drawers of water. They build the houses they cannot occupy; they till the soil but do not reap the harvest; they prune the vine but do not eat the fruit thereof. And when the illiterate discovers that a crime has been committed against him—?

Fourth: But literacy is not enough. Through all this stimulating agitation for a federal child-labor law one fact has been depressing—the assumption that universal school attendance means an educated citizenship. We must set a higher standard. In a few states eight grades of schooling are required before a child may leave to go to work. In the majority six grades or even less. In fact the average American child is sent out to the task of making a living equipped with six grades of schooling. And our whole national life—in industry, in business, in the professions, in politics, even in our diplomatic service—bears the hallmark of a sixth-grade educational system.

Low wages, unemployment, inefficiency and poverty drag their miserable train in the wake of neglected childhood. The Department of Labor tells us that 1,215,798 men, 46 per cent of those investigated, earn \$10 or less a week, and that the average weekly wage of all the women investigated was \$6.17. In normal times at least 10 per cent of the American wage-earners are always out of a job. The tradition that any man who wants work can get it has faded out in the glare of our economic struggle.

Having chosen democracy as our form of political organization, the public school must be our hope. Not that we are niggardly. We spend an annual budget of \$500,000,000 to educate ourselves. But we do not function. There is a hiatus between our purpose and our product. Our schools from kindergarten up are designed and equipped to pass the child on to the end of a university course. The course is a ladder, not a living organism. If he climbs to the top he wins; all the previous steps led straight to the goal. But if he drops off from the lower rungs most of his effort has been misapplied. Of course it is his own fault. He ought to have been the child of intelligent and comfortable parents! But he discovers his error too late. Our system is a caste system—rigged up

to fit the lucky five per cent. Instead of a ladder we must grow a tree of knowledge which will reveal life at a cross section taken anywhere, and will bear fruit on every branch. Our methods and curriculum must be so vital, so directly significant to the harrassed and struggling parent, so fitted to the needs of the child that pupils will long to remain to the last possible moment instead of tugging as now to get away at the earliest possible.

If this means larger and more varied equipment, we must equip. If it means an increased tax rate, we must levy. If it means greater men and women to equip the plant, we must enlist them. We must grip this task nationally. We are no longer haunted by poverty. Our national resources have put us on the credit side of the ledger. If the little red school house of sacred memory can no longer serve, the modern equipment of the consolidated school must fulfill the mission. If the widow still brings her mites and drops them into the treasury of our industrial temple to appease her hunger, the burden of a pension laid on the strong shoulders of the state must bring her relief. If communities or sections are indifferent to the rules of intellectual sanitation, they must be quarantined to guard against infection. We do not face a question: we face a situation. Child labor is on the way to join cannibalism and chattel slavery in the museum of antiquity. Illiteracy and inefficiency must follow hot foot. Will you apply the goad?

OWEN R. LOVEJOY.

Andrew Furuseth

IT is possible for a good American, especially for one who has too little or too much interest in the sea, to hold the Seamen's law in detestation. It is possible to rejoice in the prospect that the Republicans, if carried into power, will probably give the law very short shrift, if indeed they do not kill it at sight. But it is not possible to withhold admiration from Andrew Furuseth, the man whose work has culminated in the enactment of this law. He has fought for it and for the principle he believes it to embody, the rights of man at sea, as very few modern men will fight for anything.

For the sake of the rights of seamen, Andrew Furuseth has resolutely put away what all men count most dear. Enlisted in the fight, he early reached a complete understanding with himself. It was to be a long struggle and a bitter one: hence it was necessary for him to be free from handicaps. Wife and children have served to break many a fighter's spirit; therefore Andrew Furuseth would live his life alone with his purpose. Desire for material goods has crippled other fighters; there-

fore Andrew Furuseth would limit his wants to what the bare-handed laborer's toil could win. There was ample precedent and ampler reason for generous salaries for leaders of labor; the work is hard and the requisite mental quality rare. As an officer of the seamen's organization Andrew Furuseth had his salary gauged by the earnings of an ordinary seaman. "So live that you may have nothing to lose" was his principle of life. When some of his friends were greatly disturbed over the possibility that he might be clapped into jail for contempt of court, on account of his activities in a strike, Andrew Furuseth merely smiled, "Put me into jail? They can't give me narrower quarters than those I now live in. They can't feed me on plainer food. They can't make me more lonely than I am anyway."

Knowing something of the principles of Andrew Furuseth, you expect to find in him an emaciated, fiery-eyed compound of sailor and labor agitator, a man vibrating with the consciousness of the wrongs of his fellows, with zeal for fighting more intense than holy. He is not like this at all. Physically he is an excellent representative of the North Sea sailor type, Norse, Dutch, or British—for essentially they are all one. He is long-limbed, loose-jointed, carrying himself with a sailor's purposefulness, rather than with a landsman's pride. His features are sharp, his blue eyes roving, except when a knotty idea gathers the wrinkles about their corners and contracts his brows. His face is weathered, not worn; watch it narrowly, and you get an impression of a courageous but conciliatory disposition. There is doubtless emotion enough in him, somewhere, but his surface appearance is one of pure thought.

What at first puzzles you is the absence from his talk of anything like the emotional exaggeration of the labor leader. His argument is dispassionate, crammed with numerical calculations, like that of an economist of the old school. He tells you what proportion wages bear to the total cost of running a ship, what rates of wages prevail at San Francisco and Seattle, New York and Newport News. He knows what differences in wages obtained among ships of the various nationalities before the enactment of the Seamen's law, and to what extent that law has operated to equalize wages. You demand what other explanation than the influence of the Seamen's law can be offered for the recent rapid decline of American shipping on the Pacific. Mr. Furuseth silences you with a lucid though complicated economic discussion, setting forth the conditions of traffic five years ago, when railways carrying goods destined for the Orient could afford to run lines of ships in order to increase their share in the joint land and water rates,

and drawing a contrast with present conditions, controlled by the opening of the Panama Canal and by the ship famine created by the war. You can't convict the Seamen's act of killing a traffic that was otherwise mortally stricken. Mr. Furuseth shows, too, how far the ship-owning business has been internationalized, and teaches you to distinguish, in the shipowners' campaign against the Seamen's law, between the element of solicitude for the national interest and the element of solicitude for class interest.

"The Seamen's law is not a labor law at all," declares Mr. Furuseth. "It affects labor only in so far as it liberates the action of supply of and demand for labor. A foreign ship, clearing from an American port, can no longer keep its men unless it pays wages equal to those paid by American ships." To raise wages by liberating supply and demand—does this not sound like the classical political economy? This in fact it is. The classical doctrine was friendly to labor so long as the work to be achieved was the clearing away of the remnants of the disabilities and oppressions of the feudal system. That system still survives on the sea, except on voyages outbound from American ports, where it has been destroyed by the Seamen's act. The seamen had need of an economist able to apply the doctrines of industrial freedom to their peculiar case, and they found him in Andrew Furuseth. He is self-trained, as the early classical economists were, and like them he is remarkably secure in his facts and cogent in his reasoning.

The classical economists did not restrict themselves narrowly to the economic field. They acknowledged the existence of political values, national or racial, to which mere economic norms might have to be subordinated. In this too Andrew Furuseth is classical. The question of profits and wages do not, in his view, exhaust the ocean shipping problem. National and international factors also require consideration. Force foreign shipping to pay wages equal to the American, and one of the most serious handicaps to our shipping development is removed. Enforce the language requirement in the Seamen's law, and American ships will have to secure American or British sailors, Dutch ships will be manned by Dutchmen, Norwegian ships by Norwegians. We shall not see clearing from our ports ships officered by Americans, British, Germans or Dutch, and manned by Chinese, Japanese or Hindoos. A serious obstacle will have been thrown in the way of the tendency, manifest everywhere on the Pacific and Indian Oceans, and even in the Mediterranean and on the Atlantic, to substitute Oriental crews for the sturdy sailors once the pride of the Occident.

"Well, what if the Orientals do work the ships, so long as we own and officer them?" one asks. Mr. Furuseth replies: "It is the lesson of history that the nation that swings the tools will in the long run own the tools. The nation that provides the men to work the ships will finally own the ships. So it was with the Italians, the Hanseatic League, the Dutch, the English. Let the Orient provide the sailors: in the end the sea power of the world will fall to the Orient. Japan and China will send their ships to San Francisco and New York, London and Hamburg, to enforce demands and give laws, as sea power has always done."

It is a common assumption that the labor leader, as a politician, is incapable of taking a broad view of the general interests of the nation. Wages and other conditions of employment are said to bulk too large in his cosmos. Acquaintance with labor leaders like Mr. Furuseth inflicts a severe shock upon the middle-class complacency that lays claim to a monopoly of the generalized civic virtues. Such men may indeed over-emphasize the labor in-

terest, just as representatives of the middle class are likely to over-emphasize the business interest. But the political views of the labor leaders, like those of other classes, extend to broad considerations of social welfare and national power, and may well be precisely what we need to infuse vitality into the mass of our general political conceptions, still too largely of middle-class origin. We shall have more varied and fruitful political life when we shall have learned to utilize the intellectual resources offered by organized labor. One may not agree with Mr. Furuseth that a national mercantile marine is requisite to our prosperity and security. One may reject the view that such a marine can thrive under the conditions of free labor established by the Seamen's act. But if one has once looked at the problem of a mercantile marine through the eyes of Andrew Furuseth, he will see its larger contingencies, he will not again be able to view it as a mere question of investment and profit.

ALVIN S. JOHNSON.

The Situation in Russia

THE recent appointment of A. D. Protopopov to the post of the Russian Minister of the Interior arouses considerable apprehension in the minds of those who are watching the recent developments in Russia. Mr. Protopopov is considered a man of clearly defined pro-German sympathies, and this fact, coupled with strong suspicions that the present Prime Minister, B. V. Stürmer, also holds pro-German views, and the recent ministerial changes as a result of which Mr. Sazonov gave up his portfolio to Mr. Stürmer, and General Polivanov left the War Ministry, is fraught with significance.

The war is unmistakably nearing its last stages; perhaps it has already entered upon its final phase. As the war progresses, the chances of the Central Powers to come out victorious are rapidly vanishing. The Allies always had a preponderance of men; they still have it in an even larger degree. They have learnt well the lessons of the German military organization, and out of their military unpreparedness have created a military machine, possessed of an efficiency and deadly destructiveness scarcely equalled by the Germans even at the height of their successes. Their financial and economic preponderance is also beyond doubt. Germany is practically isolated from the world, while the Allies have the productive forces of the whole world within their reach, and the means whereby to command them to their services. Ac-

cording to the tables, worked out in *The Statist*, the gold reserve of the two Central Powers was, at the end of the second year of the war, only 19.8 per cent of the combined gold reserves of the Allies. During those two years, the gold reserve of the Reichsbank had more than doubled, but this was due to a strenuous massing in the central gold depository of Germany of a very considerable part of the gold formerly held by private individuals, as well as of the gold reserves of the Austro-Hungarian Bank. This last assumption is borne out by the fact that the Vienna Bank has been consistently abstaining for some time past from publishing any reports. Thus, the possibilities of Germany's gold reserve increasing materially beyond its present size are very small, while the gold reserves of the Allies are constantly fed by the outputs of the South African and Australian fields, as well as of the colossally rich gold-fields along the Lena and in other parts of Siberia.

But, if the war is rapidly approaching the culminating point, with the scales of victory unmistakably leaning toward the Allies, then the Russian bureaucracy must feel itself confronted by grave and vitally important problems. Its conduct during the whole course of the war may be summarized in one word, failure. Its inherent inefficiency and its organic inability to adapt itself to those conditions which are imperatively demanded by the present kaleidoscopic march of events, had,

at the beginning, brought Russia to her colossal disaster. The bureaucracy had heaped upon the Russian people ignominy and defeat, and the guilt for this falls upon its head as a scarcely supportable burden.

The trials of defeat awakened Russia. The country itself realized the situation and followed, belatedly, in the footsteps of the other belligerents. Russia began to mobilize not only her armies, but all of her resources. Her new cry became, "Everything for victory," and she proceeded to put into actual practice her awakened vision. It is Russia of the *Zemstvos*, represented by the All-Russian *Zemstvo* Union; Russia of the municipalities, represented by the All-Russian Municipal Union; Russia of the merchants and manufacturers, represented by their annual congresses and by the Military-Industrial committees; it is this Russia of the Russian people and not the officialdom and the bureaucracy, that is now standing back of the huge Russian armies, which are made up of all classes of the people, equipped as never before, and battering down the German defenses by methods they had learnt from the Germans themselves: concentrated and sustained artillery action. It is this Russia that made possible the brilliant victories of last summer, and that will make it possible for the country to be victorious at the front.

And yet, no matter how difficult were the achievements of the war, purchased at the price of the colossal sacrifices that were laid at the altar of lack of preparedness and efficiency, if there is anything that progressive and forward-looking Russia dreads more than a repetition of such a disaster, it is another "friendly" understanding with Germany, of the kind that existed before the war. The progressive leaders of Russia realize this perfectly. They know that all the sacrifices of the dreadful war will have been in vain, unless the completion of the conflict brings with it real liberation from such "friendly" understandings.

This view, excellently expressed by the leader of the Russian Social-Democrats, V. G. Plekhanov, in articles written at the beginning of the war, and by other writers, is based primarily on the contention that Russia's economic backwardness and her lack of political development are mutually interdependent factors. The bureaucratic political system does everything in its power to hamper the country's industrial development, as its lack of enlightenment in state policies leads it to believe that the country can be kept for a considerable length of time at a very low ebb of productive economic activity. It dreads economic development and expansion, because it has before it the state life of other countries, which have already gone through

the process of capitalistic development, with disastrous results for their bureaucracies.

The Russian bureaucracy sees its salvation in a policy of force and repression, and, before the war, it was very effectively supported in the application of this policy by Germany. Aside from the dynastic ties that unite Russia and Germany and the moral and political support always lent by the German Junkerdom to the Russian bureaucracy (which is very largely of German extraction and sympathies, being recruited to a considerable extent from the German nobility of Russia's Baltic provinces) the German "friendship" for Russia largely took the shape of utilizing to utmost advantage the possibilities of exploiting Russia's economic backwardness. Germany, therefore, applied to Russia the policy of industrial and commercial strangulation. She achieved her remarkable results in this direction by carrying into practice an elaborate economic policy, based primarily upon the Russo-German commercial treaty of 1905.

This treaty, as was pointed out by Professor Tugan-Baranovsky in one of his recent articles, was dictated by the German agrarian interests. Its main object was to compel Russia to export to Germany raw materials, and receive them back in the form of finished goods. This end was achieved by means of a clever manipulation of tariff duties on the part of Germany.

At the same time, Germany began to encourage her agriculture, developing it at the expense of Russia's rural economy. By a system of what amounted to export premiums, she succeeded not only in reducing considerably the imports of Russian rye, oats, and other grains, but actually began to export these grains to Russia, besides seizing the grain markets of the Scandinavian countries and Finland.

Another important aspect of this treaty lies in the fact that it made possible the development of livestock raising in Germany, again at Russia's expense. Here, also, by means of clever tariff manipulations, Germany received from Russia the agricultural products needed for livestock raising, either altogether free from duty, or at a very low rate of duty. Bran, for example was admitted free, while fodder barley was subjected to a minimum duty. At the same time, under the pretext of adopting necessary sanitary measures, Germany barred, to a large extent, all importation of livestock from Russia, thus impairing this branch of Russian agriculture, which is dependent for its success upon the exportation of meat.

This treaty, favoring Germany in everything and Russia in nothing, was seriously deplored by the Russian industrial and commercial classes, but the bureaucracy had agreed to it, and the economic

strangle-hold obtained by Germany could not be broken save by a victorious war.

The progressive leaders of Russia realize that only a Russian victory can save the country from the resumption of this treaty, or the imposition of an even more burdensome one. But they also realize that the state of affairs made possible by such a treaty can exist only as long as Russia remains backward economically. Hence, they are firmly convinced that Germany's first action with regard to Russia, if, by any chance, she should happen to be victorious, would be to strengthen the political system that existed there before the war. For upon the existence of that system depends a continuation of the condition of economic backwardness, the exploitation of which constituted one of the most important factors in Germany's recent economic development.

To progressive Russia, victory in this war will bring a new era and a new vision; to Russia of the bureaucracy, it will bring grave fear and apprehension. It will deprive the bureaucracy of the traditional support of the German Junkerdom that had blocked Russia's progress in 1905, both by coming to the support of the tottering old political system, and by imposing upon Russia, as a return for its services to the bureaucracy, the most burdensome economic yoke that any country has ever borne.

Progressive Russia is putting every ounce of its strength into the struggle, for upon its outcome depends the future history of Russia for a long time to come. But besides the throwing off of the German economic yoke, Russia will be confronted by problems of a constructive character. No matter how rapidly she develops her productive forces, for the growth of which she will need foreign capital, she will still, for some time to come, remain a large buyer in the world's market of manufactured goods as well as a large exporter—perhaps even larger than before the war—of raw materials. One of the many factors that made Germany's strangle-hold upon Russian industry and commerce possible was Russia's lack of a convenient and ice-free port. Russia's commerce necessarily had to go through the German ports, and incidentally become responsible, to a large extent, for the phenomenally rapid and profitable growth of the German merchant marine. As a result of this war, Russia must have an ice-free port.

England has at last realized the unsoundness of her traditional policy of blocking Russia's progress toward Constantinople. It required the rumble of German locomotives, running along the lines of the Bagdad railroad and clang-clanging their endless ditty, "*Drang nach Osten*," to show England

that there is something that may prove to be more disastrous to the British rule in India than the raising of the Russian cross over St. Sophia. On the other hand, the neutralization of Constantinople is infinitely less justifiable than the neutralization of the Strait of Gibraltar, or of the Suez Canal, or of the Panama Canal. For while these sea-connecting strips are gateways used by the whole world, the Bosphorus can be of immediate advantage to Russia, alone of the great world Powers.

Constantinople must fall eventually into Russia's hands, for this is the only logical and sensible solution of the problem of its control. It is time for the world to realize that it is inconceivable that Russia should be hungering after India's hundreds of millions of people, the administration of whom has proved to be an impossible task even for the greatest colonizers in the world's history. What Russia wants is an ice-free port, and whether it will be on the Bosphorus or on the Persian Gulf, is a problem for England to solve. Russia prefers Constantinople, and it is more than improbable that England should choose the other alternative.

Peace will bring with it the necessity of reconstructing Russia's economic policies along the lines imperatively indicated by the trend of affairs. She will be face to face with the problem of developing her productive forces and utilizing her fabulously rich natural resources; of assuming her proper rôle in the trade exchange of the world; of progressively, by means of tariffs and other measures, increasing her exports and reducing her imports, especially of prime necessities of life; of restoring order and stability in her whole financial and commercial apparatus, in order that it may withstand the strain to which it will be subjected by the new expansion.

The problem that occupies the minds of observers is the possible reflex that this economic development will have on the political situation of the country. If the bureaucracy has learnt to read aright the history of the past, as well as the history that is being forged before our eyes, it will show this by making concessions which are necessary in order that the people, in its reawakened vigor, should not rise in a fury of wrath and sweep aside everything that impedes its progress, as it swept away, but a few months ago, hundreds of miles of Austro-German defenses in Galicia. But if the bureaucracy is still fondly hoping to be able to stem the mighty tide, then is it possible that, even winning the war, it would still be ready to fall back upon the aid of its age-long protectors and friends, the German Junkers, and turn their bayonets again upon the Russian people?

The massing of pro-German tendencies in the Russian cabinet is a dangerous symptom of a situa-

tion fraught with perils, possibly productive of a new internal strife in Russia after the present conflict is over, but utterly incapable, in the end, of turning aside once more the tide of Russia's development. The greatest war in Russia's history, the present conflict, has the unique distinction of having rocked Russia to her very foundations, shaken her to her innermost depths. The two years of the war have matured Russia politically as well as economically, and an unmistakable sign of this maturity is the Russian people's realization of the part played by the bureaucracy and its German friends in hampering Russia's progress. Russia has entered upon a period of growth and development, and any part of her national organism that fails to grow together with the whole is doomed by the inexorable law of progress to speedy elimination.

LEO PASVOLSKY.

Notes from Laodicea on the Negro Problem

(I) The Tradition

THE greatest service which can be rendered the Negro problem to-day is to be dispassionate about it. It is, after all, only a problem like any other. There is no need to keep alight the old fire upon the abolition altar, or to blow into flames smouldering embers upon the ruined hearth of the old South. Deny it as much as you like, time passes and the earth moves and generations succeed one another.

Were it not for the fantastic and degrading pension list at Washington we should all of us know that the veterans of the Civil War are almost gone now, and that the leaders of that passionate, brave, perhaps deluded anti-slavery movement are for the most part asleep, happy in the thought that the chains have been struck from the black man and in the hope that he has been given his fair chance.

And south of Mason and Dixon's line it would seem also inevitable and wise to admit that the heroes of the Confederacy are almost all at rest, and that with them have passed, or will soon have passed the memories of the gallant fight and the brave days of old. The master of the slave and the slave himself have gone on to happier lands. Were it not for what may be called the "professional Southerner," a well known social pest, prattling endlessly of birth, family, ancestral halls, breeding, and retinues of faithful, ignorant, and affectionate blacks, the South itself would naturally come to regard the past, however lovingly and loy-

ally, as romantic already half-forgotten history.

But neither section is as yet quite conscious of its actual achieved modernity. Public speaking, public writing and public thinking, both North and South, are generally befogged by the old easy ideas and the old pat phrases, which come so readily to the point of the pen and flow so mellifluously and mechanically from the tip of the tongue. Since the first step toward solving a problem would seem to be to discover what public opinion about it really is, this is the first task to which these random notes set themselves. The negro problem itself needs no recommendation to the public in an age when any problem, from the mere fact that it is a problem, has at once what might be called a clientèle.

Since the war a curious thing has happened to American feeling toward the memory of the old South and its institutions. It is not so much a change of prejudices as their migration. To be more precise, while the South had been forgetting, the North has been developing, within the last ten or fifteen years, a cult for the antebellum South. Twenty-five years ago all northern politicians knew that they could still rouse the angry passions of the 'sixties by what was elegantly termed "waving the bloody shirt." It would now be waved in vain, probably even at the reunions of the G. A. R. As the years went on and the victorious North found it easy to forget its resentment, all the gay romantic poetical side of the old régime caught its imagination. There is here no wish to underestimate the South's deep reverence for her past. But the North has the proverbial zeal of the convert.

And, it must be added, the fervor of the snob. The practitioners of the new pro-Southern view never repel the insinuation that, though they are of the honest industrious bourgeois North, they really belong in spirit to the impetuous, idle and aristocratic South. And besides these social snobs there are intellectual ones as well. To say that the abolitionists and their theories were already out of fashion has seemed such a brisk modern note, has appeared to suggest so strongly that the thinker of such thoughts was both original and independent. To be the first in a New England or a northern Ohio community to discover that it had been a mistake to give the Negro the vote was a privilege for anyone who cared to be esteemed a pioneer in iconoclastic and revolutionary thought.

And there were other reasons why the old southern view was grateful to northern minds. To admit that, after all, the Negro was an inferior race was discovered to be very flattering warming sentiment. A sense of superiority must always give pleasure to a certain type of mind, especially in a democracy. The North, deprived of any such

sustaining prejudice since the religious persecutions of colonial days, was ready for this new fare. And unfortunately for the Negro this moment of readiness coincided with the arrival of robust Christianity, Kiplingesque imperialism, Rooseveltian rough-riding, in short the cult of the New Virility.

Now in this new strong world, from which weakness and oversensitiveness to civilization have been scourged, it is notable how essential it is to the self-respect of a full-blooded white race to have a subject race, colored differently. This is one of the great advantages of possessions across the sea. To have kicked a black or yellow man off a colonial sidewalk gives one a confidence in treading the London pavements. Even in this crisis of the world's affairs it may be pointed out that had imperial Germany had more opportunity for colonial expansion, been able to bring *Kultur* to more Asiatics and Africans with the aid of the bayonet and the rawhide, she would perhaps not now be trying to burst her boundaries in Europe in response to her imperative need of a subject and inferior race to bolster up her new pride.

Quite seriously, it may be that it *does* preserve self respect to have an inferior race at hand. It is then the Negro's greatest and undeserved misfortune that there is no color deeper than black, that there is no abject race to which he can be superman. Modern humanitarianism is even trying to take from him the chance to feel his own importance by an occasional welt raised upon a mule's tough hide.

(It would in this connection be extremely interesting to have the complete evidence from the Pacific slope and to learn whether dislike of the Negro flourishes better or worse in the shade of the even robust feeling against the Chinese and Japanese.)

But something more must be said of the uses of the Negro in the development of the new manhood. Even in the virile world unfortunately not everybody can be a cowboy, shouting, bringing steers to earth, and "shooting up" the tenderfoot. At least half of us must work peaceably in shops and factories at such emasculate things as book-keeping or the textile trades, for example. But with an inferior race on hand there is hope that even such dull toilers may have their virility and their fun; if, even though exhausted by a day at the desk or the loom, they can still find time to stop and burn a Negro alive on their way home to supper.

This is of course the wrong side of the new red-blood movement, for which it is so difficult to find a name not satirical. There is here neither the pretence nor intention to demolish the modern recrudescence of vigor by any such arguments or

gibes as those above. But it is contended that race riots and lynchings in the North, and the brutality to Negroes which is becoming so recognized a sport among the dashing young bandits and gunmen of our great cities are an unfortunate by-product of a mode of thinking which, in other ways, may have its own considerable value.

But is this new attitude in the North toward the Negro not excess of zeal? You may entertain doubts as to whether the black is in the full meaning of the phrase your brother, you may conceivably not believe that he can ever be educated up to your level, without wanting at once to shoot or burn him. You may in short believe him inferior to you without hating him. There is, even for a superior race, no inherent virtue in hatred. The Negro is, after all, as God made him, with the assistance of the white man. And what little he has done for himself in a little over fifty years is, be it good or bad, not much to serve as an argument in the long history of a race. We have come a long way from the nineteenth-century days of agitation; all that the most ardent friend of the Negro to-day asks for him is that he be given the benefit of the doubt as to his ultimate capacity. It irritates many students of the problem that they cannot know his destiny at once—and to know it would doubtless facilitate clear thinking and clear planning for him, but the fact that they cannot know the future of the race is at any rate no just grievance against the race itself.

To a dispassionate observer, the fear of social equality between white and black is now for the most part a mere bogie-man to frighten children with. It is certain that the Negro, so soon as he can afford them, would like to travel in Pullman cars, go to good hotels and enjoy orchestra seats in the theatre; but it is also quite probable that he would be content that whites should be excluded from all these places. The discomforts of the Jim Crow car are probably the chief objection to it. It may be that with the years he has seen more of the whites, but at any rate it actually seems as if the passion for social acknowledgment, which no doubt seized upon many Negroes after the war has abated if not almost wholly passed. It was symptomatic of that time; it, or at least its excesses, have gone with it. It is extremely doubtful whether, as is so often asserted, morbidly ambitious blacks are everywhere cherishing that traditional fond hope of being "received at our dinner tables." The settlements in the Yazoo River districts in Mississippi where prosperous agricultural and trading communities exist, wholly free from whites, may quite as likely represent for them an ideal. Does it never occur to anyone that the Negro might conceivably be tired of the white man, of his inter-

ference—even of his help and his very presence? There is this to be said, that through the utterances and writings of the most ambitious of the race, there is definitely a note of hope that the day will come when the Negro can himself uplift his race. Is this arrogance and social ambition, or is it something with which we, just as human beings, can understand and sympathize?

HARRISON RHODES.

An Erudite Composer

WE were confronted last May with the spectacle of a composer, once acclaimed lineal successor to the three great "B's" of music, dying amid an almost universal sense of promise unfulfilled. About ten years ago, Max Reger seemed on the point of gaining a place among the immortals. But on the occasion of his death last spring, valediction went no further than an appreciation of his creditable work for the organ, his skill as pianist, his erudition and productivity scarce equaled since the days of the eighteenth-century composers. A reversal of opinion is not to be anticipated. The final attempt, likely to be made during the course of the season, at interesting the public in his work, will bring but few people to repent of their former indifference. His art does not ingratiate on closer acquaintance. Although his compositions are encrusted with the sort of technical riddles and solutions those initiated in musical science are supposed to relish, there are few musicians who take the trouble to conceal the fact that he bores them. In the light of the uncompromising idealism with which Reger gave himself to composition, his ineffectuality is appalling.

Reger appeared on the musical scene at a moment when, under the assaults of Strauss and his following, the cause of "absolute" music seemed lost. Modernity of feeling had come to mean the programmatic form. Not that there was a paucity of bespectacled doctors who felt called upon to compose "classic" music. But its content was invariably purely formal. Reger alone seemed able to effect a union between the modern spirit and the style of the master works of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and thinking that he had done for post-Wagnerian music what Brahms had done for that of the romantic period, the partisans of absolute music rallied to him. Quite in the manner that they had once opposed Brahms to the Bayreuth master, they elevated Reger to the position of anti-pope to Richard Strauss. Whole numbers of musical reviews were devoted to the discussion of his art in all its ramifications. On the covers of Reger's compositions his

publishers modestly placed a design formed of Beethoven's death-mask and a laurel wreath. But that momentary success only served to accentuate the twilight that in the ensuing years overtook his reputation. The world had not found a second Brahms. Reger made various unavailing attempts to regain favor. He turned his back on the absolutists, and wrote romantic suites that began with low flutes à la Debussy and ended like "Also sprach Zarathustra," ballet suites that rivaled Schumann and contained "Rosenkavalier" waltzes, "Böcklin" suites, all unashamedly programmatic. It was useless. People who knew him whispered that he realized his failure, and because of it took to alcohol. On hearing of his death, one could scarcely escape feeling that he had gone gratefully to oblivion.

The resemblance to Brahms that won Reger his first welcome is, after all, fairly superficial. Both went to school to Bach and the polyphonic masters. There the kinship ends. The essential contrast between them lies in the divergent usages to which they put their common erudition. One could construct a little essay on education out of the comparison. With Brahms, the process was, on the whole, a beneficial one. A sturdily living man, he was able to assimilate vast quantities of book-learning, and make it part of his flesh and bone. It is only in the feeblest portions of his work that one is conscious of his erudition. In the best, it has been transmuted into music of purest form, through which speaks the nature poet, fresh and pure as his beloved Schwarzwald, Wordsworthian in his healing touch, or the grave chanter of romantic passion and of a faith at once robust and resigned. In Brahms there beat the heart of the German people. Not in Reger. For him no assimilation of erudition was possible. His personality had but slight hold on reality, little interest in it. Out of his music there sticks the pedant, a pedant of cyclopean muscularity, it is true, but with all the pedant's preoccupation with learning, all the pedant's cold brutality. He never digested what he had found in books. Rather, book-learning became an end in itself to him, art a means of displaying it. The living man was buried under this mass of erudition. In him, education had produced the typical high-brow.

It was in the dust of the library that Reger existed. He found the science of fugues and double-fugues, chaconnes and passacaglie more interesting than the life that flowed about him. The thought of Max Reger walking in the country, touched and enchanted by nature, is scarcely to be imagined, unless one conceives him at the same time pondering some learned composition. What touch of humanity could there have been in the composer for

whom the simplest song, say "Wenn die Linde blüht" becomes a study in counterpoint? Music, the music of the past, was his life. In that atmosphere, so dangerous for any composer, he passed his days. One feels its breath marring his best works, the great organ-fugues, the variations, the string-trios. The lack of warmth, of passion, in an art at once crude, pedantic and over-refined, points back to the study. The everlasting sunless complainings, the interminable instrumental recitativos both melancholy and bitter in character, the lack of humor where he would be humorous, the lack of human appeal where he would be profound, bespeak the egocentric artist out of touch with life. Up in his organ-loft, among his scores, he fed on musical culture. And so his own art is rather a refinement on another art, a resolution of musical problems, than the fresh expression of a vital contact. He is continually attempting to rival the great men of the past, to show that he can excel them on their own ground, to recapture the beauty they created. So he writes fugues phrased like Bach's, concerti-grossi like Händel's, variations in the style of Mozart, sonatas in the style of Brahms. He often excels his masters in the technicalities of composition. There is no knot he cannot unravel, no combination of chords he cannot solve correctly. Has he not, in his "Contributions to the Theory of Harmony" proposed one hundred examples of cadences modulating from the common chord of C major through every possible key and transpositional sequence? He writes two books of canons displaying the most amazing technical ingenuity; he finds it simple, as in the "Sinfonietta," to keep five or six strands of counterpoint in simultaneous progression. The architectonics of music have no secret for him. And yet, his compositions arouse small emotional response. The technical seven-day-wonders founder in the viscous, lifeless current. How many auditors are intrigued by the solution, for their own sake, of musical puzzles? That is where Reger's interest chiefly lay. He thought that in elaborating the form of the classic composers, he was making music. He understood his masters intellectually only. And so he failed.

One cannot deny Reger a certain measure of creative genius. In many of his compositions, the sonatas, some of the quarters and piano-pieces, there are moments when his emotions get free of the encumbering erudition, and speak out. But the moments are rare, the noble pages few. The greater part of his bulky work reveals only the floundering of a heavy and dreary intellect. He felt himself called upon to continue the work of the three great "B's." But he never saw the grand spirit that animated their work. He stopped short

at the material vesture. Sympathy and understanding of man and his experiences could have saved him. But it was just that contact that Reger wanted. And so, freighted with too much erudition and too little wisdom, he went aground.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Not Ex Cathedra

SIR: Writing in THE NEW REPUBLIC of September 30th, E. A. P. says that you "have almost unerringly put your finger on the vital points" of the controversy between the Catholic church and the world.

Quite as unerringly and altogether unwittingly E. A. P. puts his finger on the vital point in the conflict between the Catholic church and civilization. He does this in a paragraph, ostensibly a parenthesis and apparently regarded by the writer as finally dismissing the chief indictment that reason and science and civilization bring against the church. The paragraph is as follows:

The church's condemnation of Giordano Bruno and Galileo was not *ex cathedra*, and therefore had no claim to infallibility; it emanated purely from the human side of the church, which as I have already said is liable to the faults and failings of mankind.

There is the whole case against the church. "Ex cathedra" is the trick box of the prestidigitator, the now-you-see-it-now-you-don't cabinet. It is, moreover, the magic solution which the divine Dr. Jekyll swallows when he is too closely pursued for his crimes, and which immediately changes him into the very human but generous Mr. Hyde, eager to take the blame and save the reputation of his pious *alter ego*. And we must always believe Dr. Jekyll's word for it that it was Mr. Hyde who committed the crime. Dr. Jekyll knows, and if he says that he was not Dr. Jekyll but was Mr. Hyde when he did the deed, he speaks the truth, divinely directed, infallible, and it's hell for us poor laymen if we even doubt it.

There can be no question that it would have been a great consolation to Giordano Bruno if he could have been assured when he was tortured to death for his opinions that he was burned not *ex cathedra* but only on his human side, or at any rate only by the human side of the church. Without doubt, Galileo would have been much cheered if he had known that the sinister force which compelled him to deny the scientific truths, of which he had the proof of his reason and of his senses, was not the divine Dr. Jekyll but merely the human Mr. Hyde. However, as at the time Mr. Hyde assumed to speak with the authority and in the name of Dr. Jekyll, and as Galileo thought himself in danger of hell, if not of the faggot, the suppression of the truth and the blocking of progress was as effective as if the condemnation had been *ex cathedra*. The *ex cathedra* trick proved very useful in later times as an alibi, although nobody thought to mention it to Galileo.

When Innocent III hurled devastation upon the Albigenes was he doing it *ex cathedra* or merely from the human side of the church? It mattered little to the thousands who died by fire and sword. When a Canadian bishop ordered the men among his people to vote for certain candidates because their opponents would not sub-

mit to his dictation on the vital civic question of school management, was the church speaking *ex cathedra*? Here E. A. P. smiles at my ignorance, but those Canadian voters found themselves threatened with hell if they didn't let the bishop dominate their action in a purely civic function.

But E. A. P. implies that the church has not only the right but the duty to mix in political affairs. Does she do this divinely or is it only on her human side? We would like to know, for if we be condemned to be burned (in the next world, of course) for not obeying her mandates on politics, it would console us to be informed whether we were getting it *ex cathedra* or otherwise.

E. A. P. says if legislation "is in accordance with Catholic doctrine, it is right; if not, it is wrong. There can be no two ways about it; for the Catholic knows that one is the law of God, and the other the law, of, let us say, the City of New York." And the thing that saves this from being colossal effrontery, he says, is the Catholic's conviction in "the divine guidance of the church."

How far does this divine guidance go and when is the Catholic to know that it ceases to operate and that he is free to exercise his reason and individual judgment in public affairs? When the authorized spokesmen of the church in, let us say, the City of New York tell the Catholic citizen that an effort to compel the managers of orphan asylums to keep the lice out of the heads of orphans partly supported by the state is an unwarranted interference with the moral welfare of the church's children, how can the citizen tell whether or not that is divine doctrine or merely human twaddle?

When Pius X in condemning modernism proclaimed the paramountcy of the church to the state and plainly said that the separation of the two is only tolerated where Catholics are not strong enough to enforce the union, was he speaking *ex cathedra*?

The answer is that when they get away with it, it is *ex cathedra*. When they get caught with the goods, then it is not the pious Dr. Jekyll but the human Mr. Hyde who is the offender. To civilization the effect is identical.

E. M. ALLEN.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

We Are Moving

SIR: Mr. J. R. Dos Passos's very fine presentation of the case "Against American Literature" in the current number of your publication, has aroused a question in my mind. Has not America taken up the glove "Walt Whitman threw at the feet of posterity"? Mr. Dos Passos cites several American writers to indicate one of the qualities he very much deplores in our literature. And yet in attacking the satire of which these authors are guilty he says that it is but a reflection of our American mind. "And there is no doubt . . . it has pretty faithfully represented that genial, ineffectual, blindly energetic affair, the American soul." Our art will come in a portrayal of the "American soul" effectual or ineffectual, hence why deplore that which is but a reflection of what we are working at?

As Mr. Dos Passos, however, would be apt to remark that the case he was making out was against a literature which not only reflected but itself partook of the attitude of the people which it was depicting, I should like to put the question above stated from another angle. Isn't our present literature driving in just the direction desired by Mr. Dos Passos; just the direction that Walt Whitman

took? What else is the trend followed by Mr. Masters, cited for his satire? What is the direction shown by the establishment of the *Seven Arts*? Both Mr. Masters and Mr. Dreiser have gone into the life of the American city and with their own type of realism have attempted to set it forth, and to look into the future. Our civilization is machine-made, to quote a NEW REPUBLIC article of ancient date, and it is not susceptible of the portrayal and warm handling of which older cultures are capable, but it is instinct with a poetic and dramatic quality which are in no wise short of those civilizations, of any civilizations the world has seen. It has not received such treatment, but attempt has been made to approach it in such manner, and so long as the people are aware as they are at present that we are moving, those of us who have attempted art will take up the burden of American literature from the point of view of movement. And when a man tells of a thing with thought of its movement, he thinks of the direction which it takes. Certainly the present generation is aware that we are moving?

HENRY C. A. MEAD.

Chicago, Illinois.

Doubts

SIR: What keeps me awake nights is how to crack open the shells of things to find whether they have real kernels or not. I've chipped away on a few shells and have taken a peep inside and I have found that the kernel sometimes is astonishingly small.

For instance, we have a court of domestic relations in our city—one of the most attractive and imposing shells I have ever seen. In fact, it is so imposing that after Col. Roosevelt, some months ago, had gazed for an hour or so upon its shining exterior polished up for the occasion, he went into raptures. But still, I "hae me douts" though in 1912 I was a Progressive, too.

And why am I a doubter? First, because this court tells the public in glowing terms that it reconciles "warring" couples—its elaborate official report tells just how many raging lions were turned into cooing doves in the course of a year. But, ask I, do they stay reconciled? The official report is silent. Might it not be that the same raging lion could turn to a cooing dove several times a year? Such things happen outside of probation departments, so why not inside where there are several professional reconcilers? Of course, I should like to see inside of the kernel and find out whether, by persuading these people to go on living together, the world is made any better; but that would be asking too much. It is enough to know that it will be more populous.

Another bright glint from this handsome shell flashes out the information that in a single year over \$400,000 was paid on support orders made on errant husbands by this court. A goodly sum indeed. Yes—yes—But how much that was ordered, was *not* paid? No answer, other than an echo of the question in a speech by one of the officers who was attending a convention far, far from home. As I happen to know these court orders are neglected in numerous instances, I naturally wonder in how many instances.

Well, this is a questioning age. Perhaps one should have more simple faith and believe that every shell covers a sweet kernel. But how hard it is when those who would have us believe are ward politicians.

DIOGENIC.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

VERSE

Mountain Song

Sudden from the naked east the dawn-winds blow.
 Hunter, is the heart of you awake?
 A thousand feet above you the uplands are aglow;
 The mists are unfurling; and fresh on the snow
 Are tracks that the Big-Horn make.

Darkly the mountain pines sentinelled your sleep;
 Their tops now are quivering with fire;
 Lonely fell the sound of water from the steep;
 But now the living murmurs of the warm earth leap
 As the Sun-God smites the forest lyre.

Song of bird, swinging bough, stream that shouts at play,
 Call you, Hunter, call you to the day!

Up through meadows where the warm deer lie,
 Up into cloud and driven sleet,
 Up across a glacier where the wind screams dry,
 Up beyond the eagle, and the eagle's cry,
 Till the wide rim of earth runs slanting up the sky,
 And the mountain-ocean rolls from your feet.

Wind, and the sun on that rock-peak bare,
 Welcome you, Hunter, to the freedom of the air!

Send the red gods of luck are friendly to your skill!
 You will earn a royal right to lie,
 Lazily gazing o'er the world, until
 The light grows gentle, and the winds fall still.
 And the moon shows pale in the sky.

Pine tree and rock, in the firelight spell,
 Shape their huge pranks upon the night.
 Stars, that know the glitter of the ice-fields well,
 Listen, friendly-wise, to the tales you have to tell.
 Winds follow home from the height.

Hunter, when sleep comes idle as the dew,
 Dream of all the old trails, dream of all the new!
 G. TUCKER BISPHAM.

Munitions

He wrapped the blunt-nosed thing and took
 Its brother from the tray,
 And that he wrapped—then more and more,
 All shining, blunt-nosed, by the score,
 And wrapped them so all day.

His neighbor laid them in a box,
 Another fixed the lid;
 The work was swift, and many hands
 Of sundry men of sundry lands,
 Did it as they were bid.

And what they knew of blunt-nosed things,
 No word nor shrewd glance said;
 The work was theirs—this much was good,
 For men must live and have their food,
 Though other men lie dead.
 HORTENSE FLEXNER.

A Bread and Butter Letter

There is a willow grows beside a pool,
 Its long gray branches sweep the marble rim
 And from those waters shadowy and cool,
 The stars shine large and dim.

From open valleys filled with little lakes
 All through the night a hundred breezes blow,
 All through the night the little willow makes
 A whispering soft and low.

Here in the dusty street there are no trees
 To whisper and the sky is dark and gray,
 And yet I see the stars, I feel the breeze
 So far, so far away.

ALICE DUER MILLER.

To Remorse

Magic for fitful souls whose aim is still
 Pleasures that forfeit not the mansions blest,
 Who deem themselves absolved to approve the best
 While they, protesting hate, pursue the ill,
 Who lack strength to attain or else lack will
 To keep what was their will's supreme behest,
 Daring in dreams but fearful of the test
 When Time and Fate their dearest wish fulfil.
 I will not taste of thy pale anodyne,
 I will not alter listening to a voice
 That tells me joys immortal may be mine
 Were I but traitor to my clearest choice,
 Courage I count above all gifts of thine—
 Courage or to refrain or to rejoice.

ALICE DUER MILLER.

The Railroad Station

Just a very common thing—
 Shouts and whistles, bells that ring,
 Just a platform in the rain
 And a slowly moving train;
 Just a woman dressed in black
 Standing by a station-hack,
 Gazing with her eyes profound
 As the train goes outward bound;
 And her bearing does not say
 Who it was that goes away,
 One who made her pulses stir,
 Or a guest who wearied her.

ALICE DUER MILLER.

Books and Things

EVER so many years ago, about the time when the literati in this country were discovering "Modern Love," I heard a painter say: "Why do bookish people arrive so late? It must be fifteen years, or possibly twenty, since I got "Modern Love" by heart. Oh, I don't deserve any credit. I am no pioneer. The book was tipped off to me by John Sargent, on one of his visits to Boston. He used to carry it about and make his friends read it." Later, when I happened to hear about some English painter's discovery of FitzGerald, years earlier than the reviews and the public began to make Omar a nuisance, I remembered Sargent's delight in Meredith, and since that time I have always listened to painters when they talk about verse.

In his studio the other day I found a painter reading the article called "Lazy Verse," which Max Eastman published two months ago in THE NEW REPUBLIC. My friend was greatly taken with it, thought it useful and amusing and illuminating. "Only," he said, "I'm not a bit sure that most of the people who are writing free verse wouldn't sound just as lazy if they wrote in the strictest blank verse form or in rhyme. Now I can't turn out a line of poetry to save my life, but I can pour out rhyme in reams. Everybody can, I imagine. Max Eastman talks about people who are 'incapable of hypnosis.' Is anybody, I wonder? Just before going to bed the other night I was reading 'In Memoriam.' You needn't look surprised. I was reading it for the pictures, not for the consolation or belief. Well, that night, I had a long dream, or half-awake dream, I don't know which, in the 'In Memoriam' metre. Here is all I could remember the next morning:

O grindled ball of fiery steel,
Whereon Earth's mawkish heroes sit,
Let me announce Myself, to wit,
The Man who Slips upon the Peel.

O wayworn clashing of the spheres!
O jostling symmetry of stars!
When will Old Time let down his Bars
And fill Earth's Growler with Free Beers?

"After an evening of poetry I often have a night which seems mostly verse dreams, the verse being usually in one of the poet's favorite metres. Once in a while I can remember a verse or two when I wake up, but as a rule all I can do is to hear a few rhyming line-endings, and as soon as I make for a pencil and pad the sound dies out and I don't get anything down. Oh, no, this experience is not at all peculiar to me, you know. The same thing happens to lots of people. Lots and lots. What I don't quite understand is why I should sometimes dream or half-dream verses that I can remember parts of, and at other times remember nothing but the impression that verses have been trooping through my head in my sleep. I beg your pardon? Oh, yes, sometimes I have these dreams when I haven't been reading any verse for weeks. Limericks, for example, or verses that are something like limericks. Here is the only one I happen to recollect. I supplied the first line, which was missing when I woke up. The rest of it is true-blue fast-asleep dream:

When the engine had stopped, after flaggage,
Said the Dog: "May I travel as baggage?"

"If you keep your tail still;

But if not, on the bill

You will find a small item, marked *waggage*."

"Metrically this is not so formal as the 'In Memoriam' verses, but it does show, I think, that rhymes and something like metre may be composed not merely by a man as lazy as the laziest free verser on earth, but wholly without conscious effort of any kind."

To me all this didn't seem to count against Mr. Max Eastman's contention. Anybody might dream anything. Of course the rhymes which came to a man in his sleep came as easily as free verse to the laziest of the wakeful. The question was whether it wasn't easier, ever so much easier, in one's waking hours, to write verse without rhymes, and in a metre which no old-fashioned humanist could to save his life identify as metre? The painter said no, at least not much easier. I doubted his ability to turn out rhymes quite so readily as he thought he could, and proposed a handicap competition. Let him try his hand at rhyme while I composed, if that was a permissible word in this context, a bit of free verse. We were to agree on a subject, and I would give him a handicap. It would not be fair to measure our efforts by the number of lines, since I could double my lines by splitting. Suppose I agreed to produce twice as many words as he? He was willing to try, and asked for the subject. He rejected "My Friends' Wives," as likely to give pain, and Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, as too vast for anything short of an epic. However, he thought I was on the right track. He wanted an old-fashioned subject. At last we chose "A Wedding Journey" and fixed half an hour as the time limit. He won with the following hundred and twenty-four words:

Nearer it draws, that well-appointed day
Whereon the maid shall leave her father's home,
And with her bridegroom, after sweet delay,
Her course shall take across Atlantic foam.

Lest thirteen days of April-smiling sea
Too brief appear to lover and to lover,
Let them be lengthened to infinity
By meals of many courses, never over.

Where slanted sunlight falls coastwise, at eve,
Let Genoa, whose street on wandering street
Climbs inland between palaces, receive
Their baggage and their disembarking feet.

In Venice shines their crescent honeymoon
On ways the tideless Adriatic fills;
Then mountainwards, about the end of June;
After the sea the other charm of hills.

Beyond the larches and Arolla pines
Their path is lost on shale, is cut in snow . . .

Here time was called, and I didn't think the contest quite fair, for part of my attention had been on the clock, which he conveniently didn't look at. Nevertheless, I was forced to admit that lazy verse had been proved to be well within the powers of a rhymers. Although, come to think of it, I am not satisfied that this painter wouldn't have written more words in free verse, if only things could have been arranged so that he would be competing against himself.

P. L.

A Personal Version

The Insurrection in Dublin, by James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

MR. STEPHENS went to Paris after "The Crock of Gold," but a modest appointment brought him back to reside in the heart of Dublin, and he was there quietly at his work, learning between times to play at the dulcimer, when the rebellion broke out. Mr. Stephens knew that a rising might occur. "It had been promised for so long, and had been threatened for so long"—those are his words as to forewarning. But he did not know, and no one knew, how an insurrection would befall, and when it did break out he went to meet it with inquisitiveness. He wrote down at once his "hasty impression of a most singular time," adding a few of the reflections it occasioned in him, and it is this hot writing of the very week itself, compiled day by day, that makes up his book of the insurrection.

Dramatic art may be responsible for the convictions that the door will always be formally opened to announce any significant event. It is illusory. There isn't any well trained butler in the house of life. Significant events, even significant moments, come in mufti, when they choose. One is just as likely as not to see the sea for the first time around the bulk of a freight-car, or to meet Diana in the basement of a department store. The Irish rebellion came for Mr. Stephens as a morning made noisy by what he supposed to be target practice. He did not wake up until, at lunch-time, he met unusual silent groups standing about. "Has there been an accident? . . . What's all this for?" The man he addressed thought him a dolt. "The Sinn Feiners have seized the City this morning." "Oh!" Mr. Stephens did not really understand until the man completed his story "with the savage earnestness of one who has amazement in his mouth." "'The Green there is full of them. . . .' 'My God!' said I, staring at him, and instantly I turned and went running towards the Green."

At no moment in this narrative of a week does Mr. Stephens get out of the picture of a guileless Dublin resident. The first day he watches the barricade being erected by the Green, sees an excited youth and a stocky man with a heavy white moustache giving reluctant motorists their stern orders, hears men warned not to touch their commandeered property and sees one slow-witted porter shot for persisting in taking away his push-cart. In the rain, the next day, he passes by the "sweet shops" that had been looted, sees four bodies lying in the Green, hears the snipers interchanging bullets across it and observes a limp wounded man, beyond safe rescue, on a bench in the rain, "sodden and shapeless and most miserable to see." He meets a lady whose house is in Baggot Street. She, with her neighbors, had given tea to the soldiers all during the night, evidently a lady of the genteel side of Dublin. The third day, back again at the Green, Mr. Stephens beholds small boys bolting in to see the deserted trenches, "bullets quickening their feet. Small boys do not believe that people will really kill them, but small boys were killed."

On this third day "the sun was shining. It was a delightful day, and the streets outside and around the areas of fire were animated and even gay. In the streets of Dublin there were no morose faces to be seen. Almost every one was smiling and attentive, and a democratic feeling was abroad. To which our City is very much a

stranger." Was the city for or against the Volunteers? "Men met and talked volubly, but they said nothing that indicated a personal desire or belief. . . . The women were less guarded, or, perhaps, knew they had less to fear. Most of the female opinion I heard was not alone unfavorable but actively and viciously hostile to the rising." They ought to be all shot, the women said. Mr. Stephens went about in a restricted area, hearing shooting everywhere, and gathering rumors the most prodigious. For a long time he watched the bombardment of a shop at the corner of the Quay and Sackville Street. "Not even a fly can be alive in that house," he said to himself, as six machine guns rattled at it. A young girl in a shawl began to curse the men watching the bombardment. She stood out in the zone of fire and cursed the onlookers as cowards, cursed everyone except the men who were being bombarded. Her vocabulary was not equal to her emotions—that was the reason of her obscenity. "She spoke to me for a minute, and her eyes were as soft as those of a kitten and her language was as gentle as her eyes. She wanted a match to light a cigarette, but I had none, and said that I also wanted one. In a few minutes she brought me a match. . . ." A laboring man, about 56 years old, "spoke very quietly and collectedly about the insurrection. 'What chance have they?' 'None, and they never said they had, and they never thought they would have any.'"

Rumors wild and less wild took the place of news. Only from the roof of his house could Mr. Stephens be sure of the insurrection—rifles and machine guns and very heavy cannon and a gun that gave "a short, sharp bark" assuring him that the desperate ambushes were still held. "It is in a dead silence this insurrection is being fought, and one imagines what must be the feeling of these men, young for the most part, and unused to violence, who are submitting silently to the crash and flame and explosion by which they are surrounded." For three days after this was written the fighting continued, and then about sunset on Sunday the last Republican flag was hauled down.

In this narrative there is nothing surprising. Though Mr. Stephens had known most of the leaders of the insurrection and was well acquainted with Dublin he made no effort to procure wider observations than could come to him casually, or to ascertain beyond hearsay the facts of the rebellion. When did the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood idea come to prevail with the Volunteers? Why did the rising fail elsewhere? Why were the Dublin police withdrawn? Did Pearse's proclamation go broadcast? Of what order were Pearse's followers? How many troops were in Ireland and how did the first troops reach Dublin? Were they allowed to enter Dublin without attack? There are many questions that Mr. Stephens does not think of trying to answer. Yet the value of his book is naturally not in its information, but in the quality of its perceptions and reactions, the sincerity of its judgments and the pathos of its direct and disinterested transcription of events. It is a detached account of the rebellion, the account of one interested yet aloof and questioning, the account of one brooding. But it has the veracity of genius, the ability to handle a new set of situations without conventionalizing them or without dislocating the old arrangement of life. And the interpretation which Mr. Stephens gives to the insurrection adds to one's comfort in his intuition, it is at once so succinct and so serene, so liberal and so confidently clear.

The Rebellion of 1916 did not involve all literary Dublin. Men like W. B. Yeats and George Russell and James Stephens seem to have been outside it, more by the

accident of religion than anything else. It is a commonplace of Irish history that its rebellions, whether nationalistic or democratic, have been led by Protestants. This commonplace was destined to become void in 1916, one possible outcome of the higher education of Irish Catholics. The leaders of the rebellion last Easter were obviously "intellectuals," but they were Catholic intellectuals. They belonged to a group—the Pearses, the Plunketts, MacDonagh, The O'Rahilly, and others—which had an idealism inspired not a little by Catholic solidarity, one in which a disinterested Socialist like Connolly and a knightly figure like Roger Casement could join. So much that is foolish is "read into" public men, one hesitates to guess at anything; and indeed it may have been simple religious experience that led Roger Casement, Ulster Protestant as he was, to become a Roman Catholic before he died. But the people for whom he was about to give up his life were so conspicuously Catholic, and so much of their nationalism was wound in and around their religion, that it is not invidious to wonder whether Casement's conversion was not a last most significant testimony to the depth of his love for the Irish people.

This is not Mr. Stephens's way of loving Ireland, but like all Irishmen not "mulatto Englishmen" he understands the disgust with half-measures that led to the rebellion. Ireland "is not with the revolution," he truly said last May, "but in a few months she will be." And he named the day on which the rebellion ended its work "the first day of Irish freedom, and the knowledge forbids me to mourn too deeply my friends who are dead." Pearse, MacDonagh, Connolly and Plunkett refused to surrender on Redmond's terms to the British Empire. Their motto, like Mr. Hughes's, was: "You cannot repeal a surrender." And the paradox of the rebellion is its satisfactoriness to men like Mr. Stephens who went on, as most of Ireland did, keeping the law.

F. H.

Rudyard Kipling

Rudyard Kipling, by John Palmer. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 50 cents.

"WE have concluded as to his prose stories," says John Palmer of Rudyard Kipling. "That his best work is in the pure fancy of the Jungle Book, and that we descend thence through his English Tales and his celebration of the work of the world to clever stories of India and Soldiers Three. Upon each of these levels we meet with verse in the same kind."

This passage is characteristic of Mr. Palmer's manner of dealing with the fiction and poetry of Rudyard Kipling. The manner is in my own view less that of critical estimate than of rapid assortment. As a quick sorter and packer Mr. Palmer is undoubtedly an expert. It is fascinating to watch him in the midst of the many cargoes of Kipling's work, seizing now on this story or poem and now on that, and rapidly tossing it into the pure fancy bin, or the bin of English Tales, or the bin of clever-stories-of-India-and-Soldiers-Three.

As a competent sorter and packer, Mr. Palmer is not only quick but what may be called strong. "The Phantom Rickshaw," he says, "is the last story which can fairly be brought within the list" [he refers to a species of box called Simla-stories, inside the clever-stories-of-India-and-Soldiers-Three compartment] "and this story can only be included by straining the point to vanishing." A weaker

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spirit might ask, "Why bring the story within your list then? Why not keep the point? Why lose it?" But Mr. Palmer is not like that. In his firm grasp the point of many a story and poem vanishes. He breaks it off to pack it. He never feebly decides out of mere regard for a story's own individual form or texture to strap it on outside the box. When you first see the size and shape of some of the compartments Mr. Palmer provides you cannot believe he can possibly work Kipling into them.

"Mr. Kipling's Anglo-Indian Tales," he says, "are mainly responsible for a misconception which has dogged Mr. Kipling throughout his career. This misconception consists in regarding Mr. Kipling as primarily an Imperialist with a brief for the Services and a contempt for the Progressive Parties. It is an error which has acted mischievously upon all who share it."

"The real reason of Mr. Kipling's false fame as a politician is not that he is an Imperial pamphleteer, but that, writing of the Army and the Empire, he fails to be a pamphleteer on the other side. His detachment, not his partiality, is at fault."

The present reviewer is among those wanderers in mischievous error who had thought Kipling was an imperialist. In my college-years the country rang with praises of "The Seven Seas," a work which is imperialistic and militaristic in my own conception beyond any other volume of poetry I have ever read. At the time of the publication of the book, its faith that out-Germans the present German governmental doctrine of popular repute, its praise of arbitrary domination, were accepted without any, or at least without many, questioning words that I recall, from end to end of our land. My own dislike of

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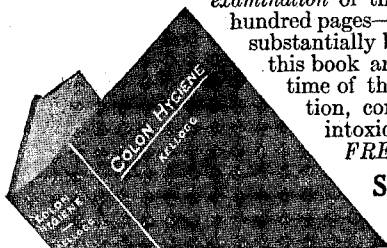
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the creed of the poems of "The Seven Seas" was so dis-affecting that it was long before I could regard them as the great expression of a faith not mine. Now that I have learned to enjoy in that manner their size, their sweep, their music, their genuine grandeur, they remain for me a Titan statement of that imperialistic faith. The splendor of violence, the mere pageantry of the kind of bigotry that carried Christianity by the sword has never, I think, been more profoundly or beautifully sung than in the poetry of "The Seven Seas." One need not be an imperialist nor a militarist to find Mr. Palmer in error in throwing it away, together with all the other extremely varied contributions of Kipling's distinguished poetic career.

For as one watches Mr. Palmer classifying Kipling as an author not imperialistic or militaristic one realizes what he will be obliged to do with most of Kipling's poetry. He will be obliged to throw it away. He cannot possibly get it into the non-imperialistic trunk in which he has determined all the compartments must be included.

"The question is," he says, "Where shall we find the most immediate union of the author's feeling with the author's expression? And the answer to that will be, Not in the author's poems. . . . Critics of a future generation may need to apologize for including within the limits of a brief monograph a specific chapter upon Mr. Kipling's verse. They will not need to apologize for its brevity."

With these final, quick, strong words Mr. Palmer turns the key of his book. He has done what he intended. He has stowed Kipling away inside a neat, portable mental package. He has accomplished this feat probably in the only way in which it could ever be achieved—by leaving most of Kipling outside.

He leaves out Kipling's prestige as an imperialist and a militarist, and as a splendid singer of songs. He disparages his power as a creator of men and women, and as a humorist and as a teller of tales of human passion and pride and folly. He keeps "Kim" and the fables of animal life and supernatural experience, and the evocation of historic England in "Puck of Pook's Hill."

Nearly every author of genius has in him both a brilliant writer and a brilliant reader. The author of "Puck of Pook's Hill" is indeed a brilliant reader, a much-to-be-valued and imaginative transcriber of the truth that the historians of England have read from life. But the poems and tales that Mr. Palmer either packs so disastrously or throws away are those that tell the truth Kipling has read from life himself.

As one looks upon them one is confronted with life's own wild countenance of silliness, of splendor and absurdity and endless disorder and pain. The reason I believe why Mr. Palmer is so occupied in belittling all Kipling's stories and poems which present contemporary existence without a veil of symbolism or fable or Indian philosophy, is because he cannot himself bear to look at that ridiculous and terrible face. He writes about Kipling from a mood which I have myself too often shared not to recognize it.

The first story of Kipling's I ever read was "Beyond the Pale." It was stolen, I think, by some one of my industrious countrymen who are so jarred by Kipling's low financial greed as a writer, and appeared in a five-cent magazine at Colfax Springs in Iowa. I was about fifteen years old: and for days could talk of nothing else but "Beyond the Pale." I could not endure facing the fact that Bisesa's arms were cut off. I said it was not true. I

explained that nothing of the kind could ever happen; and that the author was wrong and "inartistic."

It is not surprising after all that any immature American should struggle to keep a comfortable blindness about cruelty. It is not surprising that at fifteen one strives to discredit the bringer of bad news. For Kipling's truthful tales about cruelty in the world are really very bad news for the United States. In spite of our present warless condition, being as we are among the most oppressively violent and lawless countries of the globe, we need, I think, all the strength of an adult experience before we can read Kipling's great and honest picture of these aspects of our contemporary life, and think with the relief of seeing things presented as they are—"Yes. What you say of the world is true. If it be not true of Simla, it is true of the city of my own life, and of my own people."

In America, Kipling's contribution of divine fire, his tremendous tale of the sheer monstrosity, the cruel horror on earth has never been rightly appreciated. He has encountered with us that determination to be deaf, to be blind to every extreme situation which characterizes our immoderately moderate nation.

The chief excellencies of Mr. Palmer's book are first its discrimination concerning the dull superstition about Kipling's lack of art, which has arisen from his care to conceal it; and next that it will send you back again to Kipling's miraculous argosies.

After twenty-eight years of reading his books, you will still in a new way be moved by their profound and generous tidings of the variety of life. You will read of it in a hundred stories and songs until everyone else has gone to bed in the hushed house and only now and then a belated motor-car throbs down the roadway to an unknown future. As at last you turn away from the fortunes of the Man who would be King, and from all those great, colored, singing picture-books of Kipling's that show you what you only too bitterly know to be the real, the base and magnificent world, you think in excitement—what national voice, what characteristic speech of a place or of a way of life would you wish silenced utterly upon this earth? Not one.

EDITH WYATT.

Recent Publications

The Turtles of Tasman, by Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

WHEN Kipling chose an American setting for that imperishable boys' romance, "Captains Courageous," he selected the gray waste of waters off the Newfoundland coast. It was a natural scene but of late years there has come to be a Pacific tradition of [American] salt-water fiction. And the prophet of that tradition is Jack London. He has written many a stirring novel, and he has made the phrase "red blood" as nationalistic as "four flusher." But he is too thoroughly an American not to have the kind of imaginative temperament which finds readier and more brilliant technical expression in the short story than in the novel. Of all his short stories the most genuine are those of the sea. In this volume only one, "The Turtles of Tasman," is concerned directly with seafaring men. It is the pathos of an adventurer come home to die surrounded by the loving care of a brother who envies his wayward brother's daring and his reminiscent, picturesque friends. He has stayed at home and made

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money, but his brother has seen the world. Evidently Mr. London thought well of this story, for he put it first in the book and used it for a title. There are eight other stories: one, a preposterous bit of cave-man symbolism, "The First Poet," another, a sharp picture of the feeble-minded in "The Drooling Ward," the inevitable technically clever monologue "The Eternity of Forms," a cheaply sentimental "The Hobo and the Fairy," a tangless O. Henry, "The Prodigal Father," and two really memorable stories of the North, "Finis" and "The End of the Story." When Mr. London thinks of DeMaupassant and the form-perfect French, he becomes just uninterestingly imitative. When he thinks of other American writers, he becomes clumsily humorous or sentimental. But when he writes of Alaska or the Klondike or the sea as he knows it and loves it, his stories have the qualities for which he is still famous.

The Rudder, by Mary S. Watts. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

THE dramatic climax of Mrs. Watts' diffuse plot is a great ice-strike in the hottest of summer heat. The occasion brings out the author's very rudimentary ideas on the class-struggle. Perfidious and malevolent labor is shown slaughtering babies and encouraging pestilence while the bluff and honest old ice-king, a self-made man, sits like adamant in his office refusing to treat with the union. The incident, for Mrs. Watts, not only exposes the tyrannical wickedness of labor, but indicates a philosophy of feminism. The ice-king's young ruffian of a son—he of the "undershot jaw," and the best second baseman in the country—disperses singlehanded a crowd of strikers who are menacing the plant. His wife, the cool, intelligent and beautiful Eleanor, who eloped with him from her insufferably unselfish aunt but has now left him, is in the crowd before the plant. She has forsaken the false and brutal glitter of her husband's home for a room in the slums and a devoted life of organized charity work, but at the sight of Amzi, swaggering and bullying the crowd about, her detached and self-possessed soul melts within her. "Paling and flushing, excited, her eyes very bright, she looks at Amzi in stark admiration for that physical superiority which, when all is said, is man's strongest appeal to woman." Eleanor herself appeals to a serious and sensitive young labor demagogue, who in spite of his fatuousness and the author's contempt is the only attractive figure in the book. He pursues her, but she is saved at a critical moment by the thought that they are not animals, and passes from the scene as she "makes a home" for her sister exhausted by her unselfish life with the aunt. A melodramatic labor leader who manipulates the young orator and ruins his father could only have stepped out of the "movies." The genial Irish father, who has come up from hod-carrying to the life of a prosperous contractor, is a convenient peg on which to hang all the homely honest loyal virtues of anti-union labor. Eleanor's slum friends are more vivid. And there is an unendurable author who acts the tolerant man of the world to the scene, and the heiress whom his delicacy prevents him marrying till the last chapter. These are simple types, and yet one marvels, as in many American novels of the kind, how completely the characters are not emotionally entwined or ensnared. Personal relations are like the smooth click of billiard-balls. In the over-simplification of values Mrs. Watts is American to the core—that is perhaps the most depressing feature of this drearily complacent book.

We are not entirely satisfied with the positions given our advertisements in recent issues of the New Republic, but do not care to invest in any larger space unless we have proof that its command of its subscribers' interest extends to even the least item of its contents. If the New Republic holds the clinical attention of its readers as Cypress, "the Wood Eternal," holds the intelligent faith of its users, we shall in due course receive the evidence in the form of letters telling of building projects, or building hopes, or of repair jobs requiring a few boards (necessary because the owner did not early enough learn of Cypress, the non-decay lumber, to AVERT repairs by its original use).

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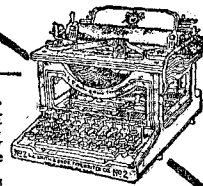
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